

A

# REVIEW

## OF THE

# STATE

## OF THE

# ENGLISH NATION

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Thursday, August 1. 1706.

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**F**rom mad Statesmen, let us descend to mad Tradesmen, mad Creditors, mad Companies, and all the Crowd of Shop-keeping Lunaticks, with which the World abounds——Some run in Debt to trust Lords, and are so mad, to think the other will be mad enough to pay them.

Some are mad at the Diligence of Foreigners, and yet are idle themselves; some grow rich at the Ale-house, and some grow poor in their Shops; some neglect their Business, loyter, and are drunk every day, and yet the World rowls into their Mouths; others pursue it with all manner of careful Industry, and in vain rise early, wake late, and eat the Bread of Sorrow and Scarcity.

Some give Men no Rest till they are in their Debt, and then give them no Rest till

they are out again; some will credit no body, and some again are for crediting every body; some get Credit till they can pay nothing, and some break tho' they could pay all. No Nation in the World can show such mad Doings in Trade, as we do.

Debtors abuse Creditors, and Creditors starve and murder their Debtors; Compassion flies from human Nature in the Course of universal Commerce; and *Englishmen*, who in all other Cases are Men of Generosity, Tenderness, and more than common Compassions, are to their Debtors meer Lunaticks, Mad-men and Tyrants.

Madness has prodigiously possess'd this Nation in Trade, we make Laws to ruin and destroy it, and preposterous Acts of Parliament prohibit our Trade in *Flanders*,  
to

to encourage the Woollen Manufacture ; who shall enter into the vast Scene of our Trade Lunacy ; how we ruin our Poor to encrease our Trade, starve the Countries to employ Vagrants, beggar the Manufacture to enrich no body ; who shall search our long Bills to provide for, and settle the Maintenance of Vagrants, and Sir H. M's Project to send 300000 Families a begging to settle the Poor : Our Company Lunatics, our Hospital Madnefs, Charity Deliriums, Work-house Frenzy, and Correction Whymies ; all these are the Effect of our National Lunacies, which makes us be all esteem'd so distracted.

But why must the poor Mine Adventurers come in for Madmen, said a Dependant upon their late Annuity-project upon reading the last Paper ?

Because we have ne're an Hospital for Fools, *Quoth I* ; for if what we are told be true, as I see no reason to doubt ; that neither past Profits, nor future Prospects can shew so much as a Pretence for a Fund ; that their grand Vein of OAR is at an End at last, and that the Annual Charge of their Office doubles all possible Gain from their Work : I think, to call the People that purchase Annuities on such a Bottom, Lunatick, is one of the kindest things can be said of them.

But you may wrong them, says my Friend and who's the Madman then ?

I would not wrong them, for I have no

Interest for or against them ; and therefore must intimate, that all I have said, is deducted from their own Schemes of Profit, which they by exhibiting in Print entitle me and all Men to dissect and examine.

If ever they please to exhibit the Scheme of any Fund, from which it is but probable, the Interest of their Annuities can be made good, other than out of the Principal — I'll do them all the Justice imaginable, and blott them out of my Nations Lunaticks, to put greater — in.

But their Stocks rise, says another, and *Andreas* says,

*The Value of a thing,*

*Is just as much Money as 'twill bring ;*

'Tis true, this comes in for an Answer, but will stand for nothing but a Duplicate of the old *East-India* Company's Riddle.

*How Stocks should fall, when Sales surmount the Cost,*

*And rise again when Ships are lost ;*

Hymn to the Pillory, P. 16.

When this *Enigma* comes to be expounded, then let us see, who will buy their Annuity, and out of what Fund they shall be paid — And till then, if ever I come to be Keeper of the Nation's Madhouse, I cannot in Justice but set apart one of the largest Rooms for the Benefit of the Company.

## MISCELLANEA.

NO Cause so bad, but will have some Martyrs they say — And I cannot but think those Gentlemen, that espouse the High-flying Cause just now, deserve Pity, as Men drawn in to stand up for a Party, when all the rest of the World are deserting it — And this I take to be the Case of Mr. C — r in his *Hersford* Address.

The Successes of the Duke of Marlbo-

rough, have certainly stab'd their Cause, and their old Champions daily forsake them and come over ; I need not give them a Lift of the new Converts from their Cause.

But here's a Scandalous Wretch has undertaken to vindicate Mr. C — r, and decrees the *Review* to Mr. C — r's Footmen for an Answer ! — The *Review* thanks him, and tells him, He is past fear of any Man's



Man's Footmen. But believes Mr. C—r will no more thank him for his undertaking his Vindication, than my L—d M—r will thank him for Publishing that his Lordship was one of *Cornish's* Jury, which I dare say his Lordship does not reckon among the passages of his Life, he chooses to be distinguish'd by; since his Lordship willingly Recognizes a Government that has in reversing the Attainders of those Men, Condemn'd the Cruelties of that day, as little less than Murder; and in Consequence thereof, have Voted the Sentences of *Algernon Sidney*, *Sir Tho. Armstrong*, and the rest, illegal; restor'd the Blood, and in part repair'd the losses of their Families.

And after all, why must it be an Infolence to Condemn the Actions of M. C—r? *because he is a Member of Parliament*, says the Vindicator; Why, *what then*, Sir, shall a Member suffer no Censure for what he does out of the House, and out of the Parliament time? — Shall he affront the Queen, reproach the Ministry, and great Instruments of the Nation's Joy? — Shall he go home in Triumph, Insulting over the Government, and be caref'd by the Magistracy, and no Notice be taken of him?

As he is a Member of Parliament for the Present, for what he does there, it is fit we leave him to the House, who have Corrected him, and can again, when they see Cause; but as he flies in the Face of the Government, as the Queen has resent'd his Behaviour, and thought her self Insulted by him, every Honest Subject will also resent it, and has a right to the Liberty of doing so — and if the Honest Townsman of *Hertford* did go to borrow a *Dung-Cart* to wait on him — I must own, I think it *very suitable* to any Man in *England*, let his Quality be what it will, that dares affront the Queen in her own House, and so many ways insult the best lov'd, and most justly respected Princes in the World.

For what did her Majesty refuse to receive the Address of *Hertford* from his hand? Why has her Majesty, by express Command, taken away his Commissions,

and thought him not fit to be Trusted in the Country? Why did her Majesty Command him out of her Court? — Has the Queen done this for nothing, or has her Majesty had sufficient Provocation to it? — Without doubt the Provocation has been such as fills every Honest Man, that has any respect for the Queen, with a just regret, and renders the Gentleman himself, till he humble himself to his Sovereign, an Object of even *Dung-Cart* Contempt — 'Tis very evident her Majesty was not displeased with the Town of *Hertford*; nor did her Majesty refuse the Address, as from the Corporation; Her Majesty well knew the Compliment, paid Mr. C—r, was so far from being the Act and Deed of the Town, that few but *Dung-Cart* Men were concerned in it — and that it might be past doubt, that the Queen resent'd nothing from the Town, when they thought fit to send their Address by another hand; her Majesty not only receiv'd it very Graciously, but gave a Testimony of her Royal Satisfaction, by Knighting Mr. *Clark* that presented it.

Yet here 'tis observable too, which I can not say is to the Honour of the Town of *Hertford*; that the Mayor and most of the Aldermen, Dr. *Batt—l*, and some others, who think themselves great Men there, refused to sign this Address; and have chosen to distinguish themselves against the General Sense of the Nation, which they may have leisure to think of hereafter.

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#### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Cavils of the *Rebearsal*, against the Dedication of *Jure Divino* to Sovereign Reason are so senseless, and insignificant, that I think them worth no Answer — any body knowing that, Director, Ambassador, &c. may be as proper to the Feminine, as Directors, Ambassadors, &c. and that a Sovereign of one Country may be but a Servant in another, as the King of *Prussia* is; and when the Elector of *Hannover* shall reign here, against this Gentleman's Mind, the King of *England*



land will be then, but Counselor and Servant to the Emperor of Germany; and as Queen Nature may very well Command the Supreme Government of Mankind, it will be no dishonour for her Imperial Majesty REASON, to be one of her Privy Council; nor is it improper to call the Queen a Lady; and had not the *Rehearsal* long since left off to pray for the QUEEN, he must have remembered, the Prayers of the Church are for our Sovereign Lady QUEEN ANN. In the Language of the Courts also, it is very regular to say; the QUEEN of England is a Lady of extraordinary Piety and the like, than which nothing is more usual; so that the impertinent Caviller must go on to some more significant Objections; and I suppose we shall quickly hear his answer to dry and Wet Martyrdom, and his farther proof of his new Learned Notion of an *Hereditary Entail*, and the like; to which I think I may venture to assure him, I shall take *Solomon's Rule*, not to answer him in his Folly, that he may not be Wise in his own Conceit.

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